

THE WINDS AT PLAY.

These many days the winds have been at play. And they have swept the sky. Clear of all clouds that barred their boisterous way. And marred their revelry! With wild delight they yell as on they sweep across the trembling deep.

They lash the sleeping ocean into foam. They strip the tossing trees. They rudely drive belated wanderers home. They tear across the seas. No rest for them—from dawn to evening's close. Their mirth is loud and long!

In ruined woods high carnival they hold; The dry leaves pirouette. A giddy whirl of scarlet and of gold! Whirl down the rivulet. Pull to the brim, the russet spoils and red. Are to the ocean sped.

The golden elms to one another bend. The revels wax apiece. The forest seems to dance from end to end.

The beeches interlace! And for the orchestra to this mad crowd The winds are piping loud.

—F. B. Doveton, in Westminster Gazette.

Hodge's Roof Garden Rhapsody

By JOHN H. RAFTERY.

J. Dillingham Hodge's mind was made up. Mr. Lunetta, the clairvoyant, had told him that he would make his fortune through Cupid, and therefore he buckled down to the business of winning his way. He had reached that age when his complexion worried him. Nature had not done much for him, and therefore he began to heed those arts which are supposed to make the old young and the young mature. He had begun to shave, but the hirsute results were as yet hardly tangible. Then there were those disfiguring pimples! Nothing seemed to quite reach them. He spent a good part of his salary buying hair growers and dermatological cure-alls, hoping against hope that soon the day would come when he would sally forth with waxed mustachios and an incomparable complexion to win the heiress.

No matter how gayly he attired his gangling form, the girls, or at least the desirable, well-groomed, knowing ones, never gave him a second glance. He followed the fashions as closely as an \$18-a-week clerk can follow them, but it was no use. He couldn't "win" anybody on his looks. The big bows in his low-quarter shoes and the drop-stitch socks of vocal designs didn't help him at all. He began to think that he was foredoomed to failure and that, being doomed to a loveless life. He must be a genius. Then he began to write "poems" about the moon and let his hair grow down over his raglan.

He was well launched on this phase of his decline when he met her. He was coming uptown on a Cottage Grove avenue car when he noticed standing on the back platform the one girl. She wore a maroon automobile, a Gainsborough hat, a diaphanous veil so palely blue that it glorified the wonderful beauty of her face, white gloves and a lot of other things that J. Dillingham couldn't name, but which exhaled a wondrous perfume and fluttered in the evening breeze like an angel's wings.

As he looked at her she seemed to regard him with a lingering interest. "Aha," thought J. Dillingham. "At last I am discovered! Now, indeed, I know what love at first sight is."

He began to hope that the train would collide with something so that he could rescue her. He speculated upon the possible conduct of her rich father when they should arrive at the mansion, whether he might offer a mere pecuniary reward and how he, J. Dillingham Hodge, having deposited a fainting girl upon the \$400 divan, would spurn her father's gold and demand his daughter's hand. When she signaled the conductor to stop J. Dillingham sprang to his feet and beat her to the car step. He wanted to make sure that nobody jostled her, but the best he could do was to glare at a cab driver whose vehicle came rattling along a hundred feet away.

Then, like some errant knight of old, he determined to follow her like a guardian spirit, unseen but ever present, ready at a moment's warning to rush to her rescue. She seemed to flit along the sidewalk, so nimble was her graceful stride, and before Hodge realized that he had followed her two blocks he found himself close at her dainty, military heels as she fluttered into the elevator of the Masonic Temple and coyly gurgled: "Top floor, please."

"Joy, joy," murmured J. Dillingham, fumbling the \$6 that lay in his trousers pocket. "Oh, joy! At least I can sit and watch her divine face till the show is over."

But he was destined to yet greater happiness. She had no sooner reached the roof garden door than she began to fumble in her purse. A pretty frown fretted her beautiful brow; she stamped her little foot fiercely on the tiles, bit her lip and snapped:

"Left it at home! How stupid!" She was talking to herself, but Mr. Hodge heard her, and with a recklessness that brought his heart bumping against his wisdom teeth, he accosted her with:

"I beg your pardon, madame, but I see you have forgotten your ticket and perhaps your money. May I have the honor of getting one for you?"

It was an audacious move, but the ardent Hodge's narrow chest heaved with conscious pride as he saw the demure smile of appreciation and even admiration that spread beneath her veil like a halo of warm light. "Oh, thank you," she cooed, reading his card while he bought tickets for two.

For J. Dillingham Hodge there never was and perhaps never will be such a show as that which followed. It was the apotheosis of all that is grand and glorious in the traditions and achievements of the stage. He didn't even think of asking the name of his divinity till the intermission, and then, with unspeakable rapture he heard it. "Miss Grace," she whispered, "that will do for the present."

Never mind what Hodge said. He said everything he could think of and therefore was silent, except for his speaking eyes and blushing ears. Would she not like a little luncheon? He managed to ask her as he helped her out of the elevator with one hand and counted his remaining dollar with the other.

"So kind of you, Mr. Hodge," she giggled. "Yes, just a bite. It's perfectly dreadful for me to be out so late with a perfect stranger, but you've been so perfectly kind and—natural, he, he, he, ha-a, I was going to say 'just like an old shoe,' but you know what I mean. Feel like I'd known you for years."

"Oh, I don't know!" thought Hodge. "I guess I must be a poor hand at picking a winner." He escorted the fair Grace to a fashionable cafe, and when she had discussed her "bite" and the bill was paid J. Dillingham had two dames left. He gave them to the waiter with the grandest air he could command and then began to screw up his courage to the ordeal of hiring a cab "on credit." Of course he meant to take Miss Grace home, but when they reached the sidewalk she put an end to his glorified agony thus:

"Now, you must leave me, Mr. Hodge," smiling radiantly at him. "You know I live at the Auditorium and I couldn't think of your coming there with me at this hour."

Then the desperate J. Dillingham waxed eloquent indeed. He begged her to permit him to at least accompany her part of the way. She yielded on condition that he rest content to part a block from the hotel. Then he besought her for her full name, and with wondrous impetuosity asked that he might have the honor of visiting her.

"You may write to me," she said, after a pause in which he felt as if some splendid sibil were about to pronounce his fate. "And now, good-night."

Her thrilling voice fell to a murmured whisper as she added: "Grace Miller. Write to me. Good-night."

She was gone. Hodge trod on air for two days after that. He wrote a letter to Miss Miller the next day and stayed at home the second so he'd get the answer the moment it came. It didn't come, but he was not to be denied. He wrote again and again. For five days he poured forth his callow soul in words so eloquent and periods so sonorous that all his former efforts at poesy seemed tame and trite. Then he began to "blow himself" for gayer and more costly raiment. He hinted to his fellow clerks that he was tired of the life of a bachelor and meant to marry very soon.

"Who is she?" grinned Schwartz, the woman hater.

"Oh, never your mind," sneered Hodge. "She's not in your set in society. Lives at the Auditorium, that's all. Millionaire father and an only child."

And the magnificence of J. Dillingham's new garments seemed to give verisimilitude and certainly color to his boasts.

Yet he waxed thin waiting for the letter that never came. He felt that his Grace had been already strangely gracious and began to suspect that she was now trying to discipline her impulsive heart while at the same time checking his too ready ardor. But after two weeks' waiting he could stand the suspense no longer.

Arrayed in all his sartorial glory, his hair parted into football tufts, alum in his pimple and a nosegay in his lapel, he braved the majesty of the hotel clerk, and extending a new, engraved card, asked that it be sent to Miss Grace Miller.

The clerk smiled as he summoned "Buttons."

The boy grinned as he darted toward the elevator.

J. Dillingham Hodge fumed and wondered at the impertinence as he impatiently paced the lobby.

"This way, Mr. Hodge," said the bellboy, touching his arm. And then the ardent lover followed that boy through the dark and devious hallways, up queer and misleading stairs and around food-smelling regions of the hotel.

"See here, boy," at last yelled the panting Hodge, "where is Miss Miller? Did she say she'd see me in her apartments or in the parlor?"

"She ain't got no say about it," snapped the lad. "She'll see yer in th' laundry 'r she won't see yer a tall. See?"

"Look here, my boy," gasped Hodge, slipping a quarter into the hand of the surprised Buttons. "Stop. Tell me. Who is Miss Grace Miller?"

The boy stared a second at the quarter before he answered. "Grace is de head landress. Go t' de end o' dis hall an'—"

But J. Dillingham saw an open door that led into the alley and thither he fled.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Points of View.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every man trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity, too?"

"Yes; he traces Bobby's faults all back to me."—Tit-Bits.

LADY SELBORNE IN POLITICS.

Marquis of Salisbury's Eldest Daughter Wins a Very Great Influence.

The English prime minister's eldest daughter, countess of Selborne, a very clever, remarkable woman, is regarded by many as the one of all Lord Salisbury's eight children who most resembles him in clearness of judgment and intelligent appreciation of passing events. The women of the Cecil family have always been noted for their great qualities.

Lady Selborne has been one of the most successful of political hostesses in the last six years. When as Lady Beatrice Cecil her engagement to the then Viscount Wolmer was announced there was a sensation, for her chosen husband was known as a typical liberal of the old school, while her father was a Tory of Tories. The wedding was a great political as well as social event nine years ago, the leading members of the two parties doing honor to the pair.

The bride evidently won her husband over, for he became under secretary of the colonies under Lord Salisbury in 1895, and held that post until the reorganization of the cabinet this year, when he was made first lord of the admiralty.

TWO ORIGINAL CONTINENTS.

Dr. A. E. Ortman, Princeton Professor, Corroborates Theories of Vonbering and Hedlys.

Dr. A. E. Ortman, curator of invertebrate paleontology in Princeton university, Princeton, N. J., has made a discovery as to the original locations and situations of the continents. The discovery adds to the evidence of the correctness of Vonbering and Hedlys's theory, which is that formerly there existed only two main continents, known to scientists as Archelanos and Archinotos. He did this by noting the geographical distribution of the fresh water crayfish. The continents on which the crayfish are found must originally have been connected, forming one main continent, and the places where the fish do not occur must have formed another continent. Archelanos is the name given by scientists to the continent on which the crayfish did not occur, and consisted of what is now India, Africa and tropical America. The other continent, called Archinotos, consisted of the southern part of South America, Australia, the Antarctic regions and the eastern part of Asia.

MARRIED BY TELEPHONE.

A Wedding Ceremony Is Performed in Georgia Over a Long Distance Line.

A wedding ceremony over the long distance telephone line from Bowdon, Ga., to Carrollton, Ga., was performed the other night.

C. W. McDonald and Miss E. V. Crabbe, an eloping couple from over the Alabama line, fled to Bowdon as a safe place of refuge, and determined to use the wires to hasten the ceremony and thwart any possible interference from pursuing parents.

The operator at Bowdon phoned the operator at Carrollton to secure a license and a minister. The services of the latter could not be obtained, so a justice of the peace was substituted. In a few minutes the license was procured, and the ceremony was performed by Justice J. T. Norman, of that place.

Witnesses at several way stations and the terminal overheard the ceremony, and at its close offered their congratulations. Payment of fees and other necessary details were arranged through the phone.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 22.			
CATTLE—Common	2 85	@	4 15
Choice steers	5 10	@	5 50
CALVES—Extra	7 00	@	7 25
HOGS—Select ship's		@	6 30
Mixed packers	5 85	@	6 10
SHEEP—Extra		@	4 00
LAMBS—Extra	5 60	@	5 65
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 10	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	91½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	65
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	49½
RYE—No. 2		@	67
HAY—Ch. Timothy		@	13 50
PORK—Family		@	17 00
LARD—Steam		@	9 15
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	13½	@	14
Choice creamery		@	26
APPLES—Choice	4 50	@	5 00
POTATOES	2 50	@	2 60
Sweet potatoes	2 50	@	2 75
TOBACCO—New	3 40	@	12 75
Old	5 60	@	12 50
Chicago.			
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 80	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	83½	@	85
No. 3 spring	72½	@	75½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	66
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	45½	@	46½
RYE—No. 2	62½	@	63
PORK—Mess	16 25	@	16 30
LARD—Steam	9 30	@	9 42½
New York.			
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 75	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	88
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	68½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	51
RYE—Western	16 50	@	69½
PORK—Family	16 50	@	17 25
LARD—Steam	9 65	@	9 75
Baltimore.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	84½	@	84½
Southern	82½	@	85½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	66½	@	66½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	50½	@	51
CATTLE—Butchers	4 50	@	5 60
HOGS—Western	4 60	@	6 75
Louisville.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	88	@	90
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	68
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	49
PORK—Mess		@	16 00
LARD—Steam		@	9 75
Indianapolis.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	88
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	63½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47½	@	48½

FASHIONS IN WORDS.

"Lady" and "Party" Are Now Coming Back Into Favor After Long Disuse.

A word that is gradually coming into its own again after a period of neglect is "lady." After having been overworked until it lost its significance, the word was suddenly subdued and expelled from all polite, if not educated conversation.

Now there is a tendency to receive "lady" back into the modish vocabulary. The word is occasionally heard in the talk of persons who flatter themselves that they speak the latest New Yorkese. But it must be uttered with a slight emphasis in order to show that the word has just been taken up, says the New York Sun.

"Party" has after a term of banishment been restored to high favor in drawing-room conversation. Only a few years ago the word was as much scorned as "lady" in circles that were supposed to be critical in details of such importance. It was never heard.

But now "party" is among the overworked words of the fashionable vocabulary and is added to every term of description.

Thus one hears of "musical parties," "dancing parties," and so on throughout the whole category.

His Resolution.

"I have made a good resolution to-day," said Mr. Soudrop.

"And what was that?" asked Miss Oldgirl.

"Well, you know I have been a bachelor for 42 years, and now I have resolved—"

"Oh, this is so sudden," murmured Miss Oldgirl, getting ready to fall into his arms.

"I have resolved," he continued, with some sternness, "to be a bachelor for 42 years more."—Baltimore American.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Lexative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

One of the most distressing periods in a woman's life is when she is willing at last to forgive her husband, and he doesn't want her forgiveness.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Vn. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It's a pity the average man does not lose his tongue when he loses his head.—Chicago Daily News.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Better to lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing.

Blaming others is the way some people have of praising themselves.—Ram's Horn.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK? Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

To prove what The Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, will do for YOU, every reader of this paper may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail.

Women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not always correctly understood; in many cases when doctoring, they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Nervousness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, frequent desire to pass it night or day, with scalding or burning sensation, these are all unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

When the heart is acting badly, have you ever thought that it may be due to kidney trouble, as is often the case? Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.



MRS. SCOTT.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all our readers who have not already tried it may have a kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In order that your request for sample bottle may have immediate attention be sure and mention reading this generous offer in this paper when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

WINTER IS HERE

Bringing With it Catarrhal Diseases of All Kinds—Pe-ru-na Cures.



Miss Maud Palmer, "The Willows," Cataraugus, Ont., is a singer of local note. She writes:

"I acknowledge with thanks the value of Peruna as a splendid remedy in case of a severe cold. Last winter I caught a cold and did not pay the proper attention to it until it got so bad that I could not attend to my regular work. My aunt advised me to try Peruna and I commenced taking it at once. Within three days I found great relief. In ten days I was not entirely well but my system was toned up, and I felt much stronger than I had before. We keep it on hand, and if any member of the family feels sick a dose or two of Peruna is all that is needed to cure."

Winter is half over. People are continuing to catch colds, and not a house but hears the winter cough. People are trying to get something to cure these troubles which are almost inevitable at this time of the year. It can safely be said that nine-tenths of the people in the United States have a cold some time during the winter.

There is one remedy which will prevent colds and cough and cure them with certainty when contracted. This remedy is Peruna. Taken with regularity during the winter months, it will entirely prevent colds, coughs, la grippe, consumption, bronchitis or pneumonia. It will also cure without failure catarrh and recent cases of consumption, and often in advanced stages.

Everybody should have the 64-page book on catarrh and winter diseases which is being sent free by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Peruna can be purchased at any first-class drug store at \$1.00 per bottle.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

"Take heed of yoh money," said Uncle Eben, "but don't think so much of a dollar dat you loses de opportunity to git busy an' earn one or two mo'."—Washington Star.

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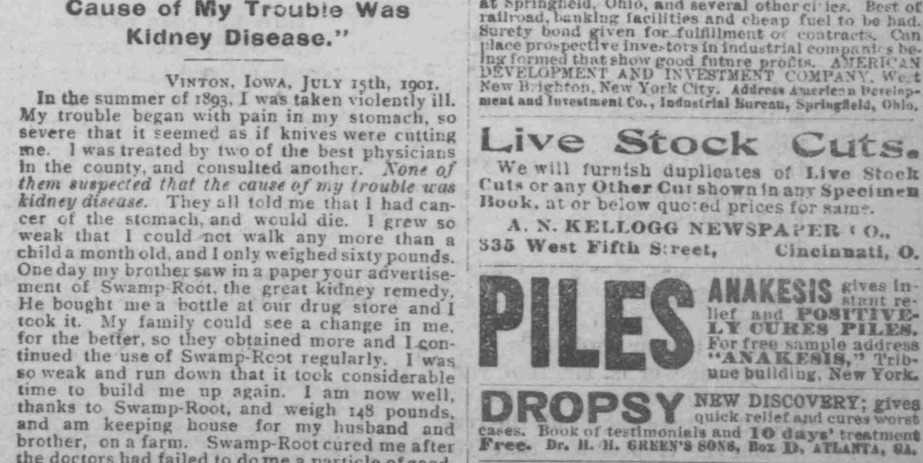
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DOCTOR AFTER DOCTOR. "None of Them Suspected that the Cause of My Trouble Was Kidney Disease." Vinton, Iowa, July 15th, 1901. In the summer of 1899, I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper your advertisement of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. He bought me a bottle of it at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me, for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable time to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Swamp-Root, and weigh 145 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother, on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do a particle of good. MRS. GERTRUDE WARNER SCOTT.

JUST THINK OF IT!

Every farmer his own landowner. His bank account increasing year by year. Land, vines, orchards, stock increasing, splendid schools and churches, low taxation, high prices for cattle and grain, low railway rates, and every possible comfort. This is the condition of the farmer in Western Canada—Principles of Manitoba and districts of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Thousands of Americans are now settled there. Reduced rates on all railways for home-seekers and settlers. New districts are being opened up this year. The new forty-acre ACTS OF WESTERN CANADA and all other information sent free of all applications. F. F. YOUNG, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to JOSEPH YOUNG, 415 State St., East, Columbus, Ohio. E. T. Holmes, Room 8, Big Four Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.; Canadian Government Agents.

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Largest growers of Clover, Timothy and Grasses. Our northern grown Clover, for vigor, frost and drought resisting properties, has justly become famous. SUPERIOR CLOVER, bu. \$5.90; 100 lbs. \$9.80. La Crosse Primo Clover, bu. \$5.60; 100 lbs. \$9.20.

Samples Clover, Timothy and Grasses and great Catalog mailed you for 6c postage.

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HAZARD

There is absolutely no smokeless powder. It is purely a gun cotton powder, which makes it dangerous and uniform, second to none. There are no objectionable features in the powder. Accept no substitutes. Your dealer should not have it, insist that he get it for you.

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."